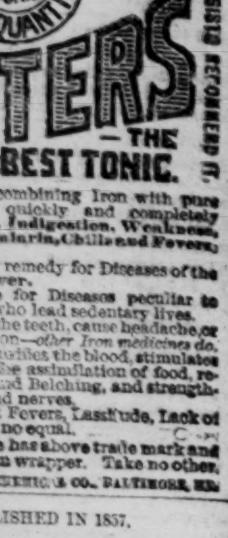


THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOL. XVIII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING SEPTEMBER 5 1886 SIXTEEN PAGES

PRICE FIVE CENTS



JOHN KEELY'S NEW SHOES

Opening for the Fall!
A PRINCELY STOCK OF SHOES!

NO SHODDY SHOES!

NO TRASH SHOES!

Every Pair of Shoes Guaranteed!

Ladies', Misses', Boys',

and Infants' Shoes!

JOHN KEELY'S

\$2.00 Ladies' Kid and Pebble Goat

Button Boot

Is the Best Thing in the World for the Price!

It presents the following strong points, viz.: It is all solid Leather, Worked Buttonholes, Spanish Arch Instep, Box or Plain Toe, First-Class Trimming, the Fit is Perfect!

Ziegler's one French Kid Button Boots, plain and bootees.

Ziegler's fine "Turn" French Kid Button Boots, opera and plain heels.

Ziegler's fine Kid Congress Boots, plain heels.

Ziegler's Ladies' Kid Side Lace Boots, opera toes.

Ziegler's Ladies' Kid Front Lace Boots, plain toes.

Ziegler's Old Ladies' Kid and Glove Bals, flat heels.

Ziegler's Ladies' Goat Button Boots, common sense toe and heel.

Every Pair of SHOES

Guaranteed!

I WILL

Sell you now an Opera Slipper for 50 cents. The same shoe as I sold all through the season at \$1.

NO TRASH SHOES IN STOCK!

Children's and Infant's Shoes in every style known.

Children's School and Dress Shoes.

Children's School and Dress Spring Heel Shoes.

Infant's Shoes, plain and fancy.

Buy Your Shoes

AT JOHN KEELY'S, IT WILL

PAY YOU TO DO IT.

875 pairs Child's Goat Button Shoe, 8s to 11s, only 50c.

736 pairs Misses' Goat Button Shoes, 12s to 2s, only 75c.

657 pairs Ladies' Kid Button Boots, all sizes, only 90c.

860 pairs fine Ladies' Kid Button Boots, worked holes, box toes, all sizes, only \$1.50.

360 pair Ladies' all leather House Slippers, all sizes, only 40c.

You Will Get Nothing but Good Shoes Here.

School Shoes for girls, Dress Shoes for girls.

School Shoes for boys, Dress Shoes for boys.

School Shoes for children, Dress Shoes for Children.

Spring Heels for Misses, Spring Heels for Children.

—SPLendid STOCK—

Boys' & Girls' & Child's Shoes

AT JOHN KEELY'S.

Men's Shoes!

Men's Fine Congress Gaiters, Plain

and London Toes.

Men's Hook Lace Gaiters, Opera

and Plain Toes.

Men's Button Gaiters, Plain and London Toes.

John Keely is in New York! New goods will be received from him daily. No novelty of the season will be found missing from his stock!

—

Usual Filled

SECTION

SEASON.

STYLES!

—

ights for Men and Boys

—

Arriving.

OS.

—

SMOKERS:

the Market.

—

CIGARROS

—

THIS SEAS

ES & CO.

Factory 200 2d Dist., N. Y.

—

58, 60, 62 and 64

—

WHOLE

SALE A

Whitehall Street,

JOHN KEELY'S

Men's Common Sense Shoes.
Men's Toilet Slippers—All Sizes.
—THIS IS A—
Superb Stock of Shoes Truly
Which John Keely Offers.
No "Dry Goods Store Trash"
Amongst Them!
Nothing But Custom-Made
Shoes in Stock, at
JOHN KEELY'S.

JOHN KEELY
OFFERS YOU THIS WEEK

Beautiful Colored Cheese Cloths

4½ Cents a Yard.

Nun's Veiling, All Wool Filling,
5 Cents a Yard.

1,000 YARDS

BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH MOLESKINS

Excellent for Men's Shirts, Boys' Pants, etc., a
really beautiful goods,

12½ Cents a Yard,

GOODS WORTH 25 CENTS ANYWHERE.

Beautiful Grade

5-4 MERRIMACK

Bleached Pillow Casing,

8 Cents a Yard,

GOODS WORTH 12-12 CENTS ANYWHERE.

5-4 BLEACHED

"CABOT" PILLOW CASING

9 Cts. Yard, Worth 15 Cts.

6-4 Bleached "Cabot"

PILLOW CASING,

10 cents a yard, worth 15 to 17½ cents.

10-4 SHEETING,

18 CENTS A YARD,

—AT—

JOHN KEELY'S.

10,000 yards beautiful

SPRING CALICOES,

2½ Cents a Yard.

8,000 yards excellent

SPRING CALICOES

3½ Cents a Yard.

12,000 YARDS LOVELY PRINTED LAWNS,

2½ cents a yard.

GOOD GOODS! FAST COLORS!

10,000 yards fine

ZEPHYR GINGHAMS

6½, 8c and 10 a Yard.

10,000 yards new and beautiful medium

FALL CALICOES.

John Keely's stock will present fresh interest each day as his purchases will be coming in all the time now. He is in New York.

CLOSING OUT!

70 white, extra fine, white embroidered robes,

running from \$5.50 to \$11 each, will be closed out at \$4 each.

A monstrous bargain! The truth is, they did not sell fast in the early rainy part of the season, and it is either to "slaughter them now," or else carry them over! I vastly prefer their slaughter.

Beautiful White India Linens,

5 Cents a Yard.

Some of them are worth 15 cents to 20 cents yard.

Stupendous bargains in plain and checked white dress muslins.

150 PARASOLS LEFT.

They are all fine goods. They shall not stay here. I am giving them away at half price. Now's your time to buy a Parasol.

—SPLendid STOCK—

Boys' & Girls' & Child's Shoes

AT JOHN KEELY'S.

Men's Shoes!

Men's Fine Congress Gaiters, Plain

and London Toes.

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OFFERS YOU THIS WEEK

Beautiful Colored Cheese Cloths

4½ Cents a Yard.

Nun's Veiling, All Wool Filling,
5 Cents a Yard.

1,000 YARDS

BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH MOLESKINS

Excellent for Men's Shirts, Boys' Pants, etc., a
really beautiful goods,

12½ Cents a Yard,

GOODS WORTH 25 CENTS ANYWHERE.

Beautiful Grade

RRHOIDS

and Itching, Positively Cured
by Cuticura.
with CUTICURA SOAR, an exquisitely
soft and a single application of
the most assiduously applied
treatment, combined with
Balsom, the new Blood Pur-
ifier, to remove and strengthen
the constipation and remove the
bodily, and bleeding, Itching
piles, and even physician, fail
to first time in my life with this
method to easily keep on my feet
when of Itching piles, when
the old gentleman I have
applied to relieved the itching
piles the price of the world the
from an unscrupulous quarter.

O. C. KIRBY.

CHING PILES.
of CUTICURA remedies when
they have been cured by the
on, of those remedies.
F. N. MARTIN.

THAT YOU CLAIM.
CUTICURA remedies and the
claim, and the demand for them
AUGUSTUS W. COLLINS.

CHING PILES.
of CUTICURA remedies when
they have been cured by the
on, of those remedies.
F. N. MARTIN.

GOOD DISEASE, FROM CUTICURA,
EVERYWHERE, PRICES CUTICURA,
TO \$1.00. PREPARED
AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.
CURE SKIN DISEASES.

GOOD PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND
HUMORS, USE CUTICURA SOAR.

MUSCLES

STRONG IN OUR MUSCLES

BY CUTICURA.

ANTI-PAIN PLASTER

FOR PAIN, STRAIN,

WEAKNESS, ALL PAIN,

AT \$1.00, OR OF POTTER DRUG

CO., BOSTON.

UP TO NOW.

READY ROOFING.

ORDINARY 2 AND 3-PLY ROOFING,

BOOF COATINGS, VARNISHES, ETC.

NO. 15 FORSYTH ST., ATLANTA, GA.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

DR. HALL'S

WM. HALL'S

BALSAM LUNG.

FOR THE

REMEDY.

ANTI TOBACCO OINTMENT

EFFECTIVE PREP.

FOR PILES. A STRIKE CURE.

IT CURES ALL DISEASES.

TOBACCO, RHEUMATIC, RHEUMATISM, BONES, ETC.

IT CURES ALL DISEASES.

JEAN PEGOLAN.

From Temple Bar.

Jean Pegolan, farmer of Eyelettes, is in a good humor this evening. Around him the wind is sighing among the leaves of the trees and the melancholy song of autumn, while the low sun is sending its red, lever rays through the branches: the sky is dark blue, the scent—penetrating and spicy—the fallen leaves fill the forest, and Jean Pegolan, moved half-unconsciously by the ripe, mellow beauty of all around him, touches his good gray mare with his whip lightly to hurry her on her homeward way.

It is true that the German army is marching on Paris; true that the Prussians have pillaged a village here, burned a farmhouse there, and even that they have shot some inoffensive peasants now and then; but, after all, what is that to Jean Pegolan?

His horses, his cattle, his fields have not suffered from the marauders.

In the town where he has just sold his crops he saw some Prussians—and really they were not such monsters—but mad like ourselves.

Just as he turns at the Croix-Verte, the village with its high church tower, the weathercock on the top, turned to burning, molten gold by the rays of the setting sun, meets his eye.

At that sight Jean Pegolan smiles, already he tastes in imagination the good soup smoking on the table in expectation of his arrival, and his mouth waters.

"Alloons! Hine la Grise."

But la Grise stops suddenly. A German aide-de-camp has ridden up, and forced to draw rein by the narrowness of the road, and Jean Pegolan, being rather slow in turning out for him, the officer raises his whip and the lash cuts across the farmer's face from ear to ear. Certainly the master of Eyelettes has not so profound a respect for the conquerors of his native land, that at this blow rage filled his heart. Standing up in his cart, he returns it with interest.

The heavy wooden seat comes crashing down upon the head of the Prussian, who tumbled off his horse with a broken skull.

In the forest the trees are tall, silence broods over all, the moon is rising slowly above the horizon, from behind a veil of light, transparency.

Pegolan's rage gone as quickly as it came, glances fearfully about him.

The Prussian has tumbled head foremost into a dry ditch, his heels high in the air, his face buried in the mud at the bottom. There is small fear of his returning to relate this adventure to his brothers in arms.

"Alloons! Hine la Grise!" And the mare bounds under the lash and sets off for home at gallop.

II.

They have all been driven like a flock of sheep into the church—the peasants of the neighborhood.

They are huddled together in the nave of the building—some very pale, others very red.

The church is a simple one. Through the tall, unpainted windows of the church a crude light falls, cutting large bleak squares upon the rude blouses and lighting up cruelly these faces, of which terror has drawn the lips and pinched the nostrils. Above the altar, between two unlighted wax tapers, hangs a great plaster image of the crucified Saviour; its outstretched arms seemed to be blessing those below.

From the graveyard around the church come the heavy, tangent odors of the dying leaves, mingled with the chattering of the sparrows quarreling among the tombstones.

The evening before a German patrol had discovered at the crossroads of the Croix-Verte the body of the murdered Ulian lying in the ditch—murdered by one of the cowardly peasants without doubt.

At daybreak the population of Saxon chasseurs has gathered together, and by order of the commander, all the men round about have been driven into and shut up in the church. They have been given till noon to discover and deliver up the assassin to justice. That time past, and no man could be found, the village with its outlying farms will be set on fire.

Half past eleven has just been tolled from the clock tower. Oh, if they, the peasants, only knew who this assassin, this murderer, was—it is I—he holds him! he is very careful not to utter a word. Seated in the shadow of one of the confessionals, his cap drawn down tightly over his eyes, sick with fear, Jean Pegolan thinks of his wife—so young and enticing; of his cows rummaging peacefully in the meadow; of his hay bursting through the windows of his barn. He tells himself that to die now is to leave all these good gifts of Providence for ever.

Would he not therefore be very stupid to confess? After all, he did not mean to kill the Prussian; he had no idea he struck so hard. And with these arguments he quietes his conscience.

If the lot to die falls on an innocent man, who so much the worse for the poor wretched—everybody for himself in this selfish world.

Ding, dong, ding. Eleven and three-quarters ring out from the church steeple.

Only a quarter of an hour left them to make up their minds.

The vibrations of the bell die slowly away, and silence like a great dark bell falls down upon the church. Then, from the distance, the heavy tread of a company of soldiers is heard outside—a harsh voice calls "Halt!" and the butts of the muskets fall with a hollow clangor sound on the ground. Decidedly it is time for the prisoners in the church to discover the murderer.

Now one among them whispers a name. It is only a whisper, yet somehow everyone hears it. Quickly, quickly those about who have no desire to be shot or turned out of house and home take it up—it resounds from every side.

Jean Pegolan draws a great breath of relief. It is not his name that he hears. It is that of a poor wretch, half woodcutter, half poacher—a "red" who voted not man a sickly wife and three small children, the oldest one has just begun to run about alone.

The death of the father will leave his family to die of hunger. But if he did not absolutely kill the Prussian, he is capable of doing it. Then, too, he is a beggar—a thief—and the others are rich farmers, honest tillers of the soil.

Yes, justice before mercy.

In vain the unhappy peasant protests his innocence of the crime, affirming that on the day and evening of the murder he did not leave his hut. He had hurt himself the day before in felling a tree. All day long he lay on his bed; they can send for his wife, she will bear witness that he is telling the truth. In vain he drags himself on his knees from this one to the other, pleading in a voice suffocated with agony for mercy, a pity not for himself, but for his sickly wife, his children of such a tender age. Silence, stern, inexorable, replies to his prayers.

From his corner, bathed in sweat, Jean Pegolan listens to the condemned man's pleading, dreading that the prayers of the unhappy wretches may succeed in melting his hearers' hard hearts, and he may obtain the mercy for which he is asking. He is the only one on the jury's part. The peasants are only too relieved to have at last found away out of their difficulty. They are anxious to have done with the matter, to be rid of the sight of this man, who kneels there tearing his hair and shrieking out curses on them for their selfishness and cruelty. And the greatest white image of Christ bends over them all; his gracious head crowned by the cruel thorns of the crown of thorns.

Now the portals of the church door are suddenly thrown wide open, showing a square outside bristling with bayonets. In the doorway appears the platoon of execution, their guns shining in their warm, dusty light which

falls down from above. Twelve o'clock rings out from the belfry.

A volley of musket rings out, followed by a short, panting shriek, and the corpse of the beggar lies there in the dust, road, and blood gushing from his nostrils, staining the soles of the shoes of the soldiers as they wheel about; while the mounted German officers look down scornfully as they ride away upon the body of the French coward, who died screaming like a woman.

III.

Jean Pegolan is returning to his farm. Sapristi, how pleasant it is to be home again. The hens are comfortably scratching in the barnyard, the pigeons cooing on the roof, the ducks lazily swimming up and down the pond.

From the outhouses, which have fortunately escaped the depredations of the Prussians, comes the great lowing of the milk cows, to the sound of the sheeps' bleat upon the grassy hill the enclosure is a warm, yellow light, above the piled-up hay thresholds to burst through the low windows.

The farmer of Eyelettes gives himself a shake; he feels that his shirt is still damp upon his back. He enters his house. A woman—it is his wife—is kneeling, weeping by the bed-side. She raises at the sound of the coming door.

"What, have they not shot you?" she exclaims. "It was you," she continues, "who killed the Prussian at the Croix-Verte. After you were gone I found the blouse you wore—there was blood on it."

"Keep quiet, keep quiet. It is quite true. But you will not betray me?"

"Have you seen me?" returned his wife, with a shudder. "—you—another man was shot in your place?"

"It was not my fault. It was the master who made the choice."

"Jean Pegolan, you wretch; you wicked coward, adieu!"

Pegolan has fallen into a chair. Deep down in his heart there stirs a feeling akin to remorse. And as the cart drives off, carrying away with it his wife, who has followed him to the door to bid him farewell, he remains huddled up in his chair. Evening draws on. The Sixty battalion marches away to the sounds of life and drum.

The wife and children of the murdered man are left to die of hunger. But by this time Jean Pegolan had recovered his serenity. After all, those bandits of Prussians did not burn his farm.

"Alloons! Hine la Grise."

But la Grise stops suddenly. A German aide-de-camp has ridden up, and forced to draw rein by the narrowness of the road, and Jean Pegolan, being rather slow in turning out for him, the officer raises his whip and the lash cuts across the farmer's face from ear to ear. Certainly the master of Eyelettes has not so profound a respect for the conquerors of his native land, that at this blow rage filled his heart. Standing up in his cart, he returns it with interest.

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DARBY!

One bleak January morning in 1870 did Brandy come shivering up the lane mooring dimly for something to eat. It had been a hard winter on cattle. Our people had not then learned to save food for the cattle to the extent that they have since, and being in the transitory stage from "range" methods to those better adapted to our changed country, the poor creatures had to suffer while their masters experimented.

Old Brandy was the property of an improvident neighbor of ours, and had served her apprenticeship in the milk business. Her sons had been slaughtered, and her milk had been contributed, all for the support of some six or seven towheaded children who regarded Brandy as a sort of god mother.

One of these children threw her a handful of corn shucks, and another took a couple of nubbins from the scanty pile left from last year's meager harvest, and the old cow having almost choked herself eating them, went reeling down the lane, weak from exhaustion.

The evening closed sad and dreary. Somber clouds hung low in the heavens, and wild gusts swept the deserted fields, chilling to the marrow every living animal. Many an old cow lay down that night and never rose again. During the night it began to sleep—not heavily, but just enough to weight the pine boughs and form long icicles on the low eaves of the farm houses.

Old Brandy came not. The sickly light of morning settled down to another somber day, and still the old cow had come up so regularly for seven winter nights failed to appear. The master noticed it, and they were very much distressed.

"It was not my fault. It was the master who made the choice."

"Jean Pegolan, you wretch; you wicked

coward, adieu!"

Pegolan has fallen into a chair. Deep down in his heart there stirs a feeling akin to remorse.

As the cart drives off, carrying away with it the old cow, who remains huddled up in his chair. Evening draws on. The Sixty battalion marches away to the sounds of life and drum.

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CHARLESTON.

The Sad Fate of the Proud Old City.

AS TO ITS FUTURE.

The Damage Estimated at Ten Million Dollars.

ECHOES OF THE 'QUAKE.

Prof. McGee's Theory as to the Cause.

THE WORK OF RELIEF.

Contributions Pouring in From All Parts of the Country.

ATLANTA, Ga. September 4th, 1886.—To review my recent trip to Charleston is to review the most unique experience of my life. Strange as have been the stories I telegraphed from that point, I am oppressed with the sense of having told inadequately what I saw. As appalling as was the visitation of the earthquake, and as new as was the experience, the very fewest of the wild rumors set flying from white lips or black, lack a basis of truth. The actual facts equal in grotesque wonder the best or worse the stimulated fancy of the spectators could produce.

Let us discard the false items to begin with. There was no cross of fire seen above the doomed city. That item was a devout Indian who first saw it. There was no vivid streak of fire that flashed like a stroke of lightning down the length of Meeting street. There was no atmospheric disturbance whatever. The water that issued from fissures was not hot as well as sulphurous. It was about the temperature of artesian water. The fissures did not throw water to the height of twenty or thirty feet. With these exceptions I have heard no rumor concerning the earthquake that was not true in substance if not in detail.

Now let us review what actually did happen.

First, the original shock, taking Charleston as the centre, lasted from 15 to 20 seconds—certainly not longer than 25 seconds. The motion was a succession of sharp plunges towards the east, with sharp and immediate recovery, the oscillations being about equal. In changing the motion from east to west there was perhaps a twisting, as chimneys and lamps were wrenches half way around. After the fifteen seconds of oscillation there were subsiding tremors irregularly for perhaps three minutes, with nothing like the first oscillation, however, and no new impulse.

The shocks have been renewed at intervals for three days, though with none of the fierce energy of the first shock. Perhaps there is no more disturbance in the later shocks than would result from an enormous mass readjusting itself after sudden dislocation. Professor McGee held that such was the case with the later shocks reported to him at Charleston. "He said, however, if the new shocks at Summerville were as violent as reported, they would be inexplicable by the theory of settling or readjustment of the earth and would indicate a new disturbance. [Mr. McGee has just wired that he considers the later shocks at Summerville simply the dying out tremors of the first displacement.]

The earthquake was everywhere accompanied by a dull, roaring noise, which outlasted the first shock by a half hour and remained with every subsequent tremor. The noise is underground, and is best described as long rolls of thunder deadened by a thick lid. In the city it is mingled with the rattle of glass and rumble of rocking houses. In the country it is heard as plainly as commanding or thunder. It has never been so loud as with the first shock, but has been heard with every tremor. Listeners declare that it has noise of sharp grinding sound of rough friction, but rather the dull hollow sound of air or steam thundering in cavities.

The fissures in the ground are of irregular shape. Usually they discharge brackish water and fine sand, or water and blue mud, but not always. The discharging fissures are usually round or oblong (varying in size from a foot to a well) and always settle for several feet around as if the earth had been pushed up from below. A gentle swell of white sand, perhaps a foot high in the centre, glistening with moisture, and crowned just above the crater with a pile of blue mud shaped like a little—this is the usual appearance of the sand fissure. The water flows regally from the base of the blue mud and jets of mud are pulled up at intervals. Wells have filled to the very tops and are overflowing freely. Everywhere there appears to have been a "bulging" beneath the ground that lifted up and forced the water and mud to the surface. The water did not follow the shock instantaneously, but came perhaps a half hour later.

In an area of ten miles in every direction from Summerville holes and fissures are as numerous as a prairie dog village in clusters, and the clusters occur every few hundred yards. New ones are opening continually. The bottom has been reached in some of them. In Charleston there are many flowing fissures, though they show less plainly in paved streets.

Professor McGee's theory of the earthquake is generally accepted. Plainly stated, it is that east of the Appalachian are two great formations. The granite and the fragmental.

The first extends from the mountains to about Columbia; the latter from Columbia to the sea.

The first is the Piedmont escarpment, the other the coastal plain. The escarpment is granite, the plain is made up of composite rocks and fragments, resting on a granite bed about 3,000 feet below. The granite bed holds this mass of earth inclined towards the sea, and about one hundred miles from shore, dips suddenly. The tendency of the fragmental plain is to slide down the granite bed on which it rests. This tendency is increased by the deposits of sand and gravel constantly brought into

the fragmental mass by the rivers that flow down from the mountains. Professor McGee holds that a seaward slip of this coastal plain has taken place, and that the disturbance results from sudden dislocation of an area 900,000 miles square and 3,000 feet thick.

His reasons for believing this are that such a seaward movement has been taking place steadily in the middle Atlantic states, and its progress has been accurately noted. That no volcanic action ever disturbed anything like so great an area, nor could do possibly so. That the so called volcanic mud and sulphurous water are simply muds and salts or sulphurates, released from the layers of the earth by the tearing motion and forced upward through suddenly made rifts. That all the phenomena of this earth are explicable by the theory of the landslides, but not by the volcanic theory, and that no volcano force having operated on this continent in thousands of years, and none being apparent now, volcanic force cannot be taken as the cause.

A gentleman said to Professor McGee, "The most remarkable phenomenon of the earthquake to me is the 'kinking' of the railroad tracks. This never occurred in an earthquake before. The earth contracts under the track and the track not contracting with it is kinked into S shape. How do you explain this, on the land slide theory?" "Easily. Put a slice of bread on top of a flat piece of wood—the bread represents the fragmental earth which is more or less elastic and porous—the wood represents the solid granite bed on which it rests. Now incline them both, and push the bread off. If the friction is not great the bread will slide off easily. But suppose the bread is fastened to the wood at the lower end? Then push the bread from the upper end. You see it packs, compresses, and corrugates until it is much shorter than before. Its surface cracks and contracts and bulges. That is exactly what the elastic earth does as it is being pushed over the granite bed. It packs and contracts at the point of resistance, throbs, rebounds, cracks and bulges. Even after the sliding pressure is removed it vibrates and trembles. But as I predicted these tremors are subsiding, and as the elastic fragmental bed adjusts its different parts to its new location will die out altogether. As it took it certainly hundreds and likelier thousands of years to acquire pressure enough to cause it to slip it will likely take as long to start it again."

6. The damage to Charleston has not been exaggerated. If the brick houses of that city were in New York today seven out of every nine of them would be condemned by the city inspectors and torn down before night. A newcomer riding through the city hats the carriage continually and forbids the driver to pass an impending building. He soon discovers that he cannot ride without taking such risks. Three buildings fell yesterday. That is the beginning of the end. The inhabitants understand this and their nerves are strained accordingly. A sharp cough will stampede a crowd. While writing my dispatches I was frequently run out of the building. The city is a wreck—a complete, pitiful, hopeless wreck. Its people are wrecked as hopelessly as its houses. What will become of it?

It is hard to say that it will be wiped out of the system of American cities. That were incredible. But certainly no American city was ever in such straight. When Sherman put the torch to Atlanta and Columbus he did not inflict on both cities one-tenth the damage that has been done to Charleston. Let us look at its history. In 1860 Charleston was the wealthiest city in its size in America if not in the world. It had more banking than any city of similar size. Its homes were palaces, and its people were princes. Its hills of exchange were good in the city of Yeddo, and its bank notes were current in every American state. It held the South Atlantic slope in commercial dominion and the salts of its commerce glistened on every sea. The Huguenot and the cavalier built a society of which courage and culture were the corner stones and culture and elegance the illuminations. Exclusive, luxurious and beautiful, golden-haired and open-handed, Charleston was the pride and the glory of the old regime. As it was in its glory, so is it the last citadel of the old regime.

Less than any southern city, did Charleston adapt itself to the social and business revolution that came with the late war. It clung to the old traditions, and in the shadow of its century old church it made peace slowly with man while it kept its faith with God. Its people looked back to their ancestors who had accepted exile with dignity and poverty without complaint, and they rather preferred gentle martyrdom to huckstering. They took little part in the desperate scramble for existence and preferment into which their competitors went. They rapidly lost their trade, and a tremendous fall in values took place. Houses that cost \$50,000 would not command more than a tenth of that, even when values elsewhere had recovered from the war depression. The Huguenot and the cavalier built a society of which courage and culture were the corner stones and culture and elegance the illuminations. Exclusive, luxurious and beautiful, golden-haired and open-handed, Charleston was the pride and the glory of the old regime. As it was in its glory, so is it the last citadel of the old regime.

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AMONG THE RUINS.

The Damage at Charleston Estimated at Ten Million Dollars.

CHARLESTON, S. C., September 4.—The shock last night caused great alarm on account of the shattered condition of the nerves of the people. Those persons who had ventured back under their roofs hurried into the streets, which presented for a few minutes as tragic an appearance as on Tuesday night, but little actual harm was done by the shock. Two untenantanted houses are reported to have fallen, together with a part of the coping of the Charleston hotel. The vibration during the shock was not especially great, but the moaning and howling sound was sufficiently alarming. Gradually the people had come to the conviction that the shocks were at an end and the disappointment was agonizing.

SHOERS OF PEbbLES.

The sensation today is the falling of pebbles in the lower part of the city. The first fall was at half-past 7 o'clock this morning, and the second at about 11 o'clock. They appeared to fall in a slanting direction from south north. There are morsels of flint among them, and all are plainly abraded and worn by the action of water. Some few have sharp fractures and have evidently been recently broken. The fact of the fall is witnessed by several trustworthy persons. The bulk of pebbles fell in and around the News and Courier office.

THE CHANNEL ALL RIGHT.

The bar or harbor of Charleston has not been affected by the earthquake. Soundings taken on Wednesday show seventeenth and a half feet of water in the south channel, one hour before highwater, and in Pumpkin Hill channel sixteen and a half feet of water.

There is no truth in the report that bridges across the Ashley river have fallen.

Some houses have been reported to have

fallen, but the empty vaults. The

whole belonged to the fashion-

predators of old. Death block

was a vestryman in

the church in the tiny town,

the sassy young colored girl,

the carriage, and the haughty

an at an imaginary robber, and then went to bed with the conviction that he had disturbed the disturber—little dreaming that he only shot an earthquake. At a board meeting a young lady and a widow were so intently engaged in a conversation out of the veranda, that they knew not of the earthquake, and would hardly have heard the fire bell if they had been rung to give the alarm. One gentleman reports that his wife had retired, but he had not, being in an adjoining room; that when the vibrations commenced his better half called to him and told him she had a chill! A printer had started across the street to get a glass of beer, but as he got near he fell against a tree, he concluded that he had already got the drink and was feeling its effects. He therefore hurried back to the office, with visions of snakes hastening his steps. A business meeting of ministers and deacons in one of the churches was unmercifully and precipitately broken up by the big shake. They say the reverend called an "earthquake" and the devout company scampered out of the building without waiting for the benediction and without the least regard to the order of their departure.

THE LOST HER THUMB.

A rather strange incident occurred with a colored woman in Barnesville. Anna Anthony, who is in the employ of Mr. T. C. Banks, as a cow girl, preparing to milk the cows. She had round the cow and the end of the rope which she had had an iron ring tied to it. The ring turned a loop and caught on the woman's finger, as the cow, in fright, attempted to get away. The pulling by the cow caused the thumb to be cut off, or rather so near off that the thumb had to be amputated.

A large congregation was worshipping at the Baptist church in Smyrna, when the Rev. Mr. McConnel and just closed a most interesting sermon on heaven, and was extorting an invitation to pews when the first shock was felt. The benches moved, the timbers creaked and groaned, the chandelier swayed to and fro, the congregation, bewildered, stared at one another at the trembling building, and then pallor and fear seized upon all. The preacher, absorbed in his text, observed the excitement and alarm of the congregation, and turned to the pastor Dr. Lathe. "What does it seem to be the matter?" "It's an earthquake," was the response from several, when in a moment a panic seized well nigh the whole congregation, and a general rush was made for the doors. The preacher and pastor as well as others appealed to the people to remain and be quiet. Mr. McConnel urged them to take their seats, and those that had left to return and to "trust in God." The quiet was restored, the people settling that grand old choral, "Ales! and did my Savior bleed," and the greater part of the congregation returned to their seats, though several went home.

The steamship *Dessong*, Captain Smith, from Philadelphia, arrived in Savannah Wednesday and brought another report to be added to the long list. The ship was steaming along off the coast of Georgia, about 10 miles from 10 o'clock. Overhead the sky was clear and the stars were shining brightly. Suddenly, at 8:50 marine time, the ship began to thump as though she were going over bed of rocks. The shock was severe and so unexpected that every one thought she had struck on a rock or a sunken wreck. Captain Smith ordered the lead put immediately, and he found that she had run aground under his ship's bottom. The ship began to rock there was no connection of any importance observed in the sea. Captain Smith and his crew were nonplussed. Some thought that a boiler had exploded, and there was a stampede down below to investigate. In a moment or two everything in the engine room was quiet, and the ship was again at port announced when there came a second shock. The first had lasted a minute and the steamer had veered out of her course two points to the southward. She had been running southward by west, the Charleston lightship bearing north-northwest and nine miles distant. The second shock was less violent than the first, but still the crew imagined that alarmed. The second shock lasted but a few seconds, and was followed by a third. The last to be reported was the least, and were sufficiently perceptible to frighten the men. They could not account for the occurrence, for the ship was passed on uninjured, and five minutes later there was no indication that anything had happened. Various theories were assigned for the phenomenon. Nothing unusual was noticed in the sea or sky. Only a light southerly wind was blowing. Whales, seals, and other whales were discussed, but no conclusion was reached until the ship got in port and news of the earthquake was received. A young gentleman who was along as a berth reading says that he was almost thrown out on the floor. He had no idea of what the cause was. He did not think it was an earthquake, because the shock was not followed by a tidal wave.

AN ARRESTED PRAYER.

John Clemens, a deacon of the colored Baptist church in Barnesville, was praying in the church when the shock of the earthquake was felt last Tuesday night. The congregation devoutly kneeled while the trumpet voice of the devil was directed toward heaven. The deacon said, "Good Lord come and take di chiture home. Hassed de time when you'll take us all from dis world ob sin and sorrow." About this time the earth began to shake and the church to rock to and fro. Terror spread instantly through the congregation. The deacon, perhaps, as well as others, thought the Lord had received his prayer in earnest and was about to answer it in some way. The good deacon, who, up in the mind of his master, and several others, were knocked over in the escape from the church.

Several ladies in Jonesboro came very near fainting, while a negro woman near Lovejoy who was sitting up with a corpse went into convulsions, and a general stampede followed with the rest of the company. Rev. Aaron Cloud had just closed services at Bettie's, and was about to leave when the shock as the shock was felt. The house is a wooden building, and the rattling was so great that Rev. Mr. Wood asked the cause of the disturbance. Charley Whaley said that it was a male tied to the corner of the house. Nas Norton said it was a dog under a bench, while John Ward thought it was some one outside rattling the window, and said, "I'll stop that racket," and caught the window, but to no avail; when upon John yelled, "Earthquake!"

THE NIGHT IN COLUMBUS.

A dude weighing ninety pounds, who was arrayed in his best blue spectacles, low-quartered, and a package of cigarettes, said: "I was visiting a little town. It is a sixteen-year-old, he said, and somehow his old father doesn't think I'm a success. I don't know where he got the idea. He will take these strange notions. Well, he has intimated that my visits to his daughter do not enhance his son's worth. He is a big man—very big. He is nearly a yard wide if he is two feet high. I imagine he would kick a man to death before he got to him." When the shock came, he thought it was my prospective father-in-law coming to assault me. The girl stroked my hand and hair and told me to not be afraid; but I couldn't. I felt relieved when I found it was only an earthquake."

A middle-aged man said: "My wife and I had just taken two of the piano's apiece and laid them down when the shock came, and an awful shock. The chimney top fell down, the cat got his back up and started scampering into the yard; the hungry boy fell down and sniped my biggy; the water cooler fell off the shelf, and the old boy was to pay generally. But my wife and I never moved."

"Why didn't you?" said somebody. "We thought all the time that it was only another earthquake that provis about my ranch will have to be labeled to be recognized."

A slender man, who is a merchant, said: "Tell you, about this earthquake, everybody has a theory as to its origin. Here's mine: The dynamiters have gone on with their high-handed enterprise and explosions, disgracing the country, and the human race, until at last Old Master up'n' in heaven concluded to show 'em what sort of a dynamiter he could be when he turned His hand to it. He did, too."

MACON MISCELLANY.

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM THE CENTRAL CITY.

A Warrant to Arrest a Detective.—The State Fund—Friends Union, Inc., The Christian Union—Mrs. Davis Dead—Street Improvements—Other News Notes of Interest.

MACON, Ga., September 4.—[Special.]—Yesterday a warrant was sworn out by L. Greenwood for the arrest of Detective Shackford on a charge of perjury. Greenwood is one of the keepers who was arrested last Monday and fined fifty dollars by Recorder Patterson for Sunday liquor selling. Greenwood now claims that he can establish a case of perjury against the detective, and on this he bases his action.

Today Constable Henderson went to Mr. Shackford's residence, armed with a warrant issued by Judge M. R. Freeman. He found Shackford sick in bed, and on a physician's certificate he returned and reported the fact to his superior. Shackford asked to be allowed time to make his bond, which was granted, Chief Wiley says that he will see that Shackford makes any required bond for his appearance.

It is reported that evidence against Greenwood will be obtained, and that he will be called upon to appear on a similar charge.

The case will be one of special interest, as it will probably establish the true status of the detective general, as well as the legal rights of Mr. Wiley, who has a right to act in his cause. It will also ventilate Greenwood's case of the never-mentioned trial of advancement characteristics of the West Point citizens.

His interests are quite flattering. The directors of the Georgia Midland railroad will meet on Wednesday evening, the first two thousand dollars to be paid for the first installment of twenty-five per cent of the subscription. Track laying will begin Monday.

COLUMBUS CHRONICLES.

THE COUNTY TAX.—A Benefit Concert—The Georgia Midland.

The county commissioners met today and fixed the rate of county taxation at two and a half tenths of one per cent. It is estimated that this will bring a revenue of \$25,000, sufficient to cover the current expenses of the county for the ensuing year.

Madame Grant and Professor H. McCormick will give a concert at Webster hall, next Wednesday night, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the aid of the Charleston sufferers. Mrs. Webster donates the use of the hall.

Onis, the infant daughter of Mr. W. T. Newman, of this city, died to day.

Narcissa Johnson, the white woman who shot Walter Herring, had a preliminary trial to day and was sent to jail in default of \$300 bail to answer the charge of assault with intent to murder.

Miss Eva Burton, a white woman, was locked up in the jail to day for an assault on her daughter, Eva Burton.

The Muscogee County Sunday School association will hold a mass meeting at Pierce chapel next Saturday. It will be the last of the season.

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THE WEST POINT BOOM.

What is Being Done for the Enterprising Little Town.

WEST POINT, September 4.—[Special.]—After five days' rain and earthquake West Point is fast becoming rehabilitated in her pristine vestures, the more radiant and attractive on account of the historical association. The commissioners have given us an elegant iron bridge which is rapidly nearing completion.

And the West Point school building is skeletonized and will soon reach its imposing head skyward, a fitting emblem of the never-mentioned trial of advancement characteristics of the West Point citizens.

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The organization of another bank marks the growth of the town in a way that cannot be disputed.

Messrs. W. H. Hugley & Co., are about to fill a long seat left by the good people of West Point in establishing a bank here to up the requirements of the town. They propose to accommodate the farmers, part of the population.

The committee retired and after a lengthy consultation returned to report. Mr. Disque made the report for the committee, and a document containing the platform of his party. They oppose the sale of the State road; they favor the railroad commission as it now exists; they favor putting all counties under the general local option law and allowing them to vote on the question every two years; they oppose the registration law now in force in this country. On this platform they nominated Marion Patrick for the legislature. Mr. Patrick is a substantial farmer and a good man.

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This is clearly a break from the democratic party, and Mr. Patrick will have to beat the regular nominee of the party if he goes to the legislature. The democrats will nominate a candidate on the 15th instant.

THE BILOXI FEVER.

Statement by the Mississippi Board of Health in Regard to the Disease.

NEW ORLEANS, September 4.—A dispatch from Jackson to the Times-Democrat says that the Mississippi state board of health have been severely criticized regarding its action in connection with the yellow fever at Biloxi, the following statement is made:

"The Mississippi Board of Health has been informed that the popular received her heartily, but not demonstratively. During the review of troops, Prince Alexander rode with Colonel Montkouff, commander in chief. When Colonel Montkouff went to meet Prince Alexander, the latter saluted and kissed him. The prince rode a splendid charger, with gold trappings. The Metropolitan met the prince at the city gate. Mirhoff addressed him with a speech, and thanked God for his safe return to the people of whom he was beloved. At the conclusion of the address, Alexander and Mirhoff kissed each other.

ST. PETERSBURG, September 4.—The Journal de St. Petersburg denies that Prince Alexander was insulted while in Russian territory.

The Journal declares that he was received by the Emperor and his wife, and his son, and his brother, who accompanied him, expressed themselves as satisfied with the treatment they received and accepted an invitation to go to Volkost.

INDIANAPOLIS, September 4.—The democratic nominating conventions of this (seventh) district was held in May and resulted in a split and the nomination of two candidates, Bynum and Bailey. The democratic candidate, Bynum, was defeated in the district committee, and a new convention was ordered to consist of delegates present in the May convention. The meeting was held today, and a large number of names were nominated. Bynum was nominated by a decisive majority. The opponents of Bynum cast their votes for David Turner.

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MONTEGO BAY, ALA., September 4.—[Special.]—Judge J. E. Cobb, of Tuskegee, was today nominated to the circuit court of the district of Alabama. He is one of the ablest and most popular judges in the state, and will make a splendid representative.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., September 4.—The democrats of the tenth Kentucky district renominated Hon. Taft, for congress yesterday. Resolution was passed to nominate him for his seat, and he was immediately taken to the hustings, and calling on the president to turn the races out were enthusiastically adopted.

THE GERMANY'S REVENGE.

A War Vessel Slaughters Native of New Hebrides.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 4.—The steamer *Metropole* arrived today from Sydney, Australia. She had been delayed by the arrival of the German war ship *Albatross*, which had been sent to the New Hebrides islands, where she had been for the purpose of punishing the natives for the murder of German subjects.

At the island of Leneru, a crowd of armed natives had gathered on the beach, and were threatening to burn or drown the *Metropole*.

The village of Tumbabola, on the island of Pentecost, was then bombarded and many more natives killed. When a landing was made, a large number of natives were captured and the *Metropole* was fired upon.

The capacity of the mill is now 5,000 spindles and 100 looms. The mill will make a variety of goods, tweeds, and white goods. There are more than 1,000 spindles to be filled for time, and the mill is amply equipped for its full capacity.

The enterprise that looks doubtful eighteen months ago, has by a skilful work, shown itself to be a good and profitable investment, and this will be a nucleus for several other manufacturing enterprises in the near future. Much of the success of the mill is attributed to the able financial and business management of President W. J. King and Superintendent J. M. Bell. The old board of directors were re-elected and so follows: W. J. Kincaid, S. Graueland, F. D. Bailey, J. D. Boyd, J. M. Browne, A. Schermer, H. C. Burr, A. S. Murray, M. D. Drown.

THE BUSINESS OF ROME.

ROME, Ga., September 4.—[Special.]—The stockholders of the Griffin manufacturing company and their associates met at the open house today. President J. K. Jones made a full and elaborate report, which shows the mill to be in a most flourishing and progressive condition. The net profits during the last fiscal year was \$7,200.07, or a profit of 3 per cent on the capital stock—a most flattering report for the little mill.

The capacity of the mill is now 5,000 spindles and 100 looms. The mill will make a variety of goods, tweeds, and white goods.

There are more than 1,000 spindles to be filled for time, and the mill is amply equipped for its full capacity.

The enterprise that looks doubtful eighteen months ago, has by a skilful work, shown itself to be a good and profitable investment, and this will be a nucleus for several other manufacturing enterprises in the near future. Much of the success of the mill is attributed to the able financial and business management of President W. J. King and Superintendent J. M. Bell. The old board of directors were re-elected and so follows: W. J. Kincaid, S. Graueland, F. D. Bailey, J. D. Boyd, J. M. Browne, A. Schermer, H. C. Burr, A. S. Murray, M. D. Drown.

ATTACKED BY A MASTIFF.

A Young Lady of Walker County Badly Bitten by a Mad Dog.

CHATTANOOGA, September 4.—[Special.]—A frightful accident occurred in Walker county, Georgia, a few miles from this city, today. Miss Anna Denton, a young girl, was gored by a mad dog.

The dog was a large, powerful animal, and was said to be the property of a Mr. J. K. Jones.

The dog was captured and taken to the police station, and was held in confinement.

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THE CONSTITUTION.

PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

THE DAILY CONSTITUTION IS PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, AND IS DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, OR MAILED, POSTAGE FREE, AT \$1.00 PER MONTH, \$2.00 FOR THREE MONTHS, OR \$10 A YEAR.

THE CONSTITUTION IS FOR SALE ON ALL TRAINS LEADING OUT OF ATLANTA, AND AT NEWS STANDS IN THE PRINCIPAL SOUTHERN CITIES.

ADVERTISING RATES DEPEND ON LOCATION IN THE PAPER, AND WILL BE FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION.

CORRESPONDENCE CONTAINING IMPORTANT NEWS SOLICITED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS, AND MAKE ALL DRAFTS OR CHECKS PAYABLE TO

THE CONSTITUTION,

Atlanta, Ga.

ATLANTA, GA., SEPTEMBER 5, 1880.

Indications for Atlanta and Georgia, taken at 1 o'clock, a.m.: Fair weather, nearly stationary temperature, Georgia: Florida, North Carolina and South Carolina: Fair weather; variable winds, northerly, nearly stationary temperature. For Alabama and Mississippi: Fair weather, westerly winds, becoming easterly, slightly warmer.

White Slaves.

It Henry George has written nothing else, his description of the hopeless poverty of the men, women and children employed in the mining districts of Pennsylvania would have brought him into prominence.

PRINCE ALEXANDER, of Bulgaria, has abdicated his throne.

THE FARMERS OF TEXAS have suffered severely from the drouth, and are asking for assistance to plant a crop.

SHOCKS OF EARTHQUAKE were felt at Charleston, Savannah, Augusta and other points about 9 o'clock last night.

THERE is more suffering in Augusta among laboring people on account of the strike than there is in Charleston on account of the earthquake.

SUBTERFUGIAL rumblings are reported as having been heard in Black mountain, in North Carolina, and people living there have fled to the woods.

THE TELEPHONE charges the same in this city as when the company had only one hundred telephones. There has been very little increase in the 'taxis, and very few more men employed. Somebody is making a pile.

The Constitution and Its Work.

Newspapers, like men, prove themselves in emergencies. In these days of syndicates and co-operation, ordinary affairs are managed by rule. It is in an emergency that individual equipment and excellence makes itself manifest.

THE CONSTITUTION has had frequent occasion to congratulate its readers on the completeness of its news service, the promptness with which it can be called into play and the thoroughness with which it covers any special field. Various feats of news gathering, which honored southern journalism, have had illustration in these columns; but THE CONSTITUTION broke its own record, as it eclipsed all its contemporaries, in gathering, compiling and presenting the news of the late earthquake.

This physical convulsion, it will be conceded, is the most important event that has occurred since the surrender of the confederate army. It is of more general interest, and in special interest touches every man who inhabits a cabin or a palace on this continent. Realizing this, THE CONSTITUTION determined to test to the fullest, its news equipment in this emergency. The results that we have printed more news about the earthquake than any American newspaper. We have printed the news earlier than any other paper. The telegraph companies have sent us more special telegrams on the subject than were received by any other newspaper, and more than were received by all the Georgia newspapers combined.

One feature of our work is notable. On Thursday morning we printed the opinion of leading scientists as to the probable cause and outcome of the earthquake. These were collected by our correspondents from Boston to New Orleans and made the most valuable collection of expert testimony perhaps ever published on any subject on so short notice. The day after they appeared in THE CONSTITUTION they were telegraphed back to Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago papers who first found the opinions of their own scientists in the columns of an Atlanta paper, and had them telegraphed to the north and east.

We do not mention these facts in idle boasting. The capital of a newspaper is largely its reputation for furnishing the fullest news at the earliest moment. It has cost THE CONSTITUTION heavily to give to its constituents a fuller account of the facts as in the past the man who wants to be a Constitution for his news. To any diligent man it would have been worth a year's subscription to have had THE CONSTITUTION delivered at his door during past week rather than to have had to depend on other papers for information as to the prevailing topic of discussion.

Charleston's Need.

There seems to be a mistaken idea among our people about the condition of the citizens of Charleston. There is no suffering for food there, and the people who sleep out on the streets and in the parks are people generally who live in brick houses, and who choose to sleep out rather than run the risk of being crushed to death in houses made dangerous by the earthquake.

It will take from seven to ten million dollars to repair the damage of the earthquake, every dollar of which will have to pass through the hands of workingmen. The great loss in the city falls on property holders—persons who own brick buildings, on the churches and charitable institutions. Money can be donated to rebuild the churches and charitable institutions, but it would be a great tax on the charitable people to be called on to rebuild the hotels, blocks of stores and fine residences in the city that have been injured by this misfortune.

Food of all kinds is as cheap in Charleston today as it is in Atlanta. There is work enough there for months for all the idle people in South Carolina and Georgia. The great need in Charleston is workmen, laborers and mechanics. There is more work to be done there than in any ten cities in

the south. The railroads are all running, the wharves are all intact; the cotton compresses and warehouses are ready for business, and the best way to help Charleston is to send men to build it up and send the city trade and patronage.

There is a class of people for whom we are extremely sorry. It is those who were once very rich, who have been reduced since the war, who now live in houses that they are unable to keep up; this calamity falls very heavy on them. But it would have been better for these people to have given up those houses years ago, and sold them when they could, and have put the money in other business. They cannot sell them now, nor can they repair them. These people are to be greatly pitied. It is perfect folly, we think, too, for the people of Charleston to hope to get a loan from the government. It would be unconstitutional, and we think impolitic. What a comment this idea, if carried into effect, would be on the principles made famous by the great statesmen of South Carolina in the past.

White Slaves.

It Henry George has written nothing else, his description of the hopeless poverty of the men, women and children employed in the mining districts of Pennsylvania would have brought him into prominence.

THESE white slaves, for they are nothing else, live in miserable huts belonging to the companies that employ them, and from these rude shelters they are liable to be ejected at any time. They receive no money, but are paid in orders on the companies' stores. They are kept in debt and are too poor to move elsewhere.

Year after year these wretched people struggle on without any prospect of a change for the better. All have to work even the delicate women and young children. Everywhere may be seen the signs of abject poverty, pitiful want and heart rending suffering.

Occasionally northern papers raise a howl over the condition of the southern negroes. The black laborers and farm tenants in every part of the south are immeasurably free and happier than the miners and coke and iron workers in Pennsylvania. In fact, such a state of affairs as Mr. George depicts would not be tolerated here. There would be either a reform or a revolution.

A New Literary Magazine.

It is definitely announced by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons that all the plans for their new illustrated magazine are perfected, and the first number will be issued on the first of January, 1881. It will be known as Scribner's Monthly, and will be published monthly.

There is a theory that the organization and establishment of a new magazine comprise an undertaking to which is attached an uncomfortable amount of financial risk. But it may be taken for granted, we think, that, where an enterprise of this character culminates in failure, the fault is with those who manage it, and not with the public.

There is supposed to be a great deal of competition between The Century Magazine and Harper's Monthly. As a matter of fact there is none, except in the direction of interesting the public. The Century was a success from the start, and its success is due to the skill of its editor, Harper's, really helped it. The managers of the older magazine were put on their mettle. They introduced new features and suppressed old ones. It is not to be denied that when The Century began publication, Harper's was desperately dull and old-fashioned. Its literature was mostly British literature, and its methods suggested a poor style of writing.

A good deal of British literature, in the shape of fiction, still finds its way into Harper's pages, and the most of it is very depressing; but the most tremendous changes have taken place in the management of the magazine, and these changes are all for the better.

It has been stated that as the circulation of The Century increases there is an increase in the circulation of Harper's, and this is accounted for by the fact that whoever has an appetite whetted by reading one of the great monthlys, is pretty sure to read the other.

The new Scribner will be managed by one of the most prudent and popular firms in the country, and its success is assured from the start. It is understood that its contents will appeal more thoroughly to the literary tastes of the public than those of The Century and Harper's, and that its illustrations will be made to fit the matter and not the illustrations. We believe the public will cordially welcome the new venture.

A Shower of Pebbles.

Charleston's troubles show no signs of coming to an end. Our dispatches this morning report the falling of a shower of pebbles. Coming at such a time this remarkable phenomenon naturally adds to the horrors of the situation and excites fresh alarm.

It is possible that these pebbles were thrown up by a volcano under the sea, many hundred miles distant from the coast. The power of a volcanic eruption is known to be tremendous. In one of the eruptions of Cotopaxi a mass of solid rock weighing over 200 tons was thrown a distance of nine miles. It may be days before we hear from the central disturbance responsible for Charleston's shower of pebbles, but we may rest assured that it is of a volcanic nature.

Atlanta's Business.

Some interesting facts in reference to the business of Atlanta are presented in this issue of THE CONSTITUTION.

According to the concurrent testimony of the local railroad officials the volume of Atlanta's business has steadily increased. The figures for the present year are, in some instances, compared with those of the same period of last year, and show a remarkable increase for the present year.

In other instances the opinion of the railroad officials is given to the effect that Atlanta was never before doing so much business as at present, and they give the reasons for that faith. The testimony of the railroads is worthy of consideration. It presents a very cheering outlook for the public that have been injured by this misfortune.

The British Lion Shows His Teeth.

American fishermen in Canadian waters may prepare for trouble. It is announced that England will at once send six war vessels to Halifax to aid Canada in enforcing the fishery clauses of the treaty of 1818.

From this it would appear that our state

department has not succeeded in favorably

impressing the British government with our construction of the treaty in question. Whatever doubts may have heretofore existed as to England's readiness to stand by Canada in her offensive policy towards our fishermen are now dispelled by this warlike movement.

It is to be hoped that the disputed rights of the fishermen will be amicably defined in a new treaty. We do not want a war with England, and there is no necessity for one.

The people near Rondout are tired of the sea serpent they should put a detective on his track. He will disappear promptly and leave only a few "clews" behind.

THE Chicago anarchists say "revenge is sweet." The police agree with them.

A NEW YORK paper states that Henry Clews received a letter a few days ago from an Atlanta darkey and that the following is a true copy:

Henry Clews, D.D.S.—I am the Pastor of a little church in this city. And we are financial imbeciles. And I as Pastor of this little church write to you know I Reckon your address. While this may not seek your masters now. Dear Sir if you will Please to send us some Money to pay this hundred And So Dollar debt you shall all ways have my Thanks. I am truly.

The "pastor of the little church" did not get the "hundred And So Dollar," and it is well he did not. It is best that even a poor colored man should be under no obligations to Henry Clews.

RICHMOND KNOWS how to deal with an earthquake. She calls out the militia. Richmond does not propose to stand any nonsense.

THE Southern Evangelist for September, just out, and for sale at the news stands, contains Sam Jones' temperance addresses and sermons in Kansas and Ohio. A full account of the summer campaign of Messrs. Jones and Small is given. This number also contains Mr. Moody's great sermon on the "Life of Daniel," a notable article on the salvation army, several good stories and interesting miscellany. Some of Sam Jones' best sermons will be found in this number. The Southern Evangelist is sold at five cents a copy. Yearly subscription fifty cents. Published by W. A. Hemphill, Atlanta, Ga.

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THE BEST EVIDENCE

TO THE CONDITION OF ATLANTA'S BUSINESS.

The Railroad Men Say of the Shipments From Atlanta This Year as Compared with Last Year—A Unanimous Verdict That the Business of the City Increased.

It is cheap; it don't count against facts, the most interesting and pleasing of all facts to the people of Atlanta, is the fact that the outlook for the future gives such good cause for optimism.

It is especially cheering in the many predictions to the contrary that have been freely offered on all hands, and are offered by those who do not know the facts.

The first of September the merchants of Atlanta generally give a pretty good estimate of their

FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

Recently THE CONSTITUTION published

in every line, in reference to the business

Without exception, they spoke

of the commercial prospects of Atlanta, and

a rousing fall and winter season.

Without fail, they know what the

Atlanta. They read the signs of the

times, and now more than ever, when

they have bought, they sell every

thing almost.

Interesting as is the history of the Atlanta market and manufacturers

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THE CHICAGO MARKET.
of the Speculative Movement
in Grain and Produce.
Commodities.

September 4.—The markets ruled dull and quiet. Indications in wheat, corn, cotton, and cottonseed were mixed. Indications in wheat were steady. Futures were small and weak and 1/2c lower, but rallied 1/2c higher than yesterday. Cotton was active, advanced 2c@3c, record 1c quiet.

PROVISIONS, GRAIN, ETC.

CONSTITUTION OFFICE,
ATLANTA, September 4 1886.
Opening: Highest. Lowest. Closing.
Wheat. 75c. 73c. 75c.
Oats. 10. 10. 10.
Pork. 60c. 58c. 60c.
Lard. 6. 6. 6.
Flour, Grains, Meal.

September 4.—The remains of the 2nd old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Villard, died last night before last at his parents' home, 41 Cooper street, were shipped to Griffin yesterday afternoon, and will be buried in the cemetery in that city this afternoon.

WILL CARRY IT FREE.—The Southern Express Company will carry all contributions to the Southern sufferers free of charge. Any one wishing to send anything to the unfortunate residents of that city can do so by sending it to the Southern express office in this city.

THE ACADEMY OF THE IMMEDIATE CONCEPTION will open its fall session tomorrow with a full scholarship. The high school will be held by this institution will still further increased, and the sisters in charge feel confident that they can do better than ever.

BOY WORK.—The Young Men's Christian Association will be opened on next Friday afternoon at 4 pm. Mothers are requested to see that their sons attend. Boys are requested to bring their Bibles. We will take the life of Adam as our first lesson.

DEAR BATES TO CARTERSVILLE.—Hundreds will get to Atlanta to the tabernacle meeting at Cartersville today, and the Western and Atlantic railroad has arranged a schedule of prices in the reach of all. Return ticket good for one day only, \$1; tickets good three days, \$1.50; good for ten days, \$2.

THE AUSTIN RIFLE.—This company is moving on. They have received guns and will commence drilling every night after Tuesday. The governor has ordered an election to be held on Tuesday night. Their armor is on Hunter street. The boys are about getting their guns so early.

THREE FROM A BUGGY.—As Dr. W. L. Jones and wife were driving into the city yesterday morning, his line broke near Edgewood, causing his horse to turn around. The buggy careened, throwing Dr. and Mrs. Jones out. Mrs. Jones's left wrist was broken, and she is suffering intensely. Dr. Jones escaped with a slight cut.

THEY HAVE BEEN HEARD FROM.—Mr. St. Julian Ravenell and Dr. R. L. Palmer, of Atlanta, who went to Charleston Wednesday to seek after relatives, have been heard from again. They received a telegram yesterday, by both of them, relatives well and unharmed but highly scared. They report a great reduction of property.

SERVICES IN THE COURT HOUSE.—Last Sunday Rev. Thomas M. Harris, pastor of the Church of Christ, on Hunter street, announced that services would be held in the court house during the trial. The workmen were unable to complete the improvements in time, however, and services will be held in the basement of the court house this morning at 11 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Harris officiating.

THEY ARE HOME AGAIN.—General John R. Lewis and wife have returned from their western tour, both looking well, and though the lady had suffered from a fever. After a long stay at San Francisco, they went to Oregon, thence to the Yellowstone park, and home by the slow and easy stages. The general met old friends and comrades at many places while absent.

SOME FINE STOCK.—Colonel Tom Murray, of Augusta, is in the city with several horses, and a large number of cattle, and will be at the fair. His horses are the finest ever seen in this city. Colonel Murray sold four or five horses yesterday. Hill & Stewart's stables present a fine scene, and they have spent a large sum preparing for the accommodation of stockmen.

A SMALL BLAZE.—An alarm of fire was issued in yesterday's noon mail box No. 20, located on the corner of Fulton street and Peachtree street, and the department turned out promptly. The fire was found to be located in the rear of J. B. Robinson's residence, on Peachtree street, near Rawson. The fire did not gain much headway when the fire department reached the scene, and by prompt and efficient work the blaze was extinguished. The fire was light.

THE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The Atlanta Pomicological society met yesterday morning in the agricultural department at the statehouse. The samples of fruit on exhibition were the Bartlett and Sibley pears and some delicious samples of grapes. Mr. Hinds and Mr. Armour each exhibited two varieties of fruits. The different samples of grapes were Delaware, Black Virginia and others. A full attendance was present and the meeting was not called to order. After some talk they adjourned to meet next Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL MASS MEETING.—The Sunday school mass meeting this afternoon at the Marietta street Mission, under the auspices of the Fulton County Sunday School association, will be a pleasant and happy meeting. The school is well attended and the horses are the finest ever seen in this city. Colonel Murray sold four or five horses yesterday. Hill & Stewart's stables present a fine scene, and they have spent a large sum preparing for the accommodation of stockmen.

September 4.—Provisions quiet; and job lots 10.75. Lard 6.75c@8.25c; lots long clear 6.25c; short ribs 6.80; bacon 4.50c@5.25c; November ham 5.50c@6.25c; bacon 4.50c@5.25c; ham 5.50c@6.25c; October 6.25c@6.75c; steady; cash 6.25c. Boxed meat and shoulder 6.25c@7.25c; short clear 6.25c.

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September 4.—Fruit firm and moderate. Apples—Western 2.00c; oranges—2.00c; pears—1.50c; peaches—1.00c; plums—1.00c; peaches—1.00c; plums—1.00c; dried fruit—1.00c. Dried fruit—Peaches

Provisions.

September 4.—Meat part active; 25c@30c; bacon 5.25c@6.25c; and closed steady; bacon 6.25c@7.25c; November ham 5.50c@6.25c; bacon 4.50c@5.25c; ham 5.50c@6.25c; October 6.25c@6.75c; steady; cash 6.25c. Boxed meat and shoulder 6.25c@7.25c; short clear 6.25c.

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National Stores.

September 4.—Turpentine firm at 20c@25c; good stores 20c; turpentine firm; hard 75c; yellow 75c.

September 4.—Turpentine firm at 23c@25c; sales—25c; good stores 20c; turpentine firm; hard 75c; yellow 75c.

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HOME OF THE BLUE POINT
REMINISCENCES OF AN OYSTER
VILLAGE.There the Genius "Half Shell" Oysters are Found—
Instance of Location on the Bivalves—The Fa-
mous "Saddlerock" and "Rockaway" Oy-
sters—A True Story about Oysters.BLUE POINT, L. I., September 4.—[Special.]—
The name "Blue Point" has become a generic
one for oysters like "Shrewsbury" and "Sad-
lerock." The name to the oyster lover has
such significance when the first month with
it approaches. That the "Blue
Points" are best adapted to eating on the half
shell is generally conceded by all experts, as
they are deliciously appetizing, and their size
makes them just fitted for a human mouth. A
peculiar flavor is to be detected in them differ-
ing from all other brands. A "Saddlerock" is
also its particular flavor and generic qual-
ities, but on account of its size it iseminently
suited for eating on the half shell, and the
same has come to be applied to all oysters of
large size. "Rockaway," which greatly re-
sembles "Blue Points," in appearance, are fre-
quently substituted for the latter and sold in
the market as genuine "Blue Points." Even
in the largest hotels this deception is practiced
and the "Blue Point" delusion is as much a
reality as the "Shrewsbury delusion."In this small village no great stir has been
made among the oyster dealers consequent on
the arrival of September. The reason is ap-
parent. While the law permitting the oysters to be
dredged is usually "up" on the first of
September, the town law governing this is
the great South Bay is not "off" until the 15th
of this month. Of these many people are ignorant
and consequently they are easily duped into
the belief that they are eating "Blue Point" oysters,
while the small, round oysters are singled out by the oyster dealers and
called "Blue Points," and not until the con-
sumer has tasted of them can he distinguish
the imposition.Oysters grown on a hard, sandy bottom usu-
ally have a round top, those buried in muddy
bottoms have long and narrow shells, while
those of "bush" cultivation are long and nar-
row, only deeper, and with a flat top shell.
Here of Blue Point the bottom is hard and
sandy, and the water comes only shallow.
The sea is shallow in many parts, and the
bottom is of beach sand, which shelves gradually
out into deep water, and in some places there
is not over four feet of water for half a mile
out in the bay. The number of oyster crafts
engaged in the business of dredging is so
large as one would naturally suppose, judging
from the widespread fame of this oyster and
the evidently large numbers that are placed
upon the market. All oysters are dredged in
the same way, from the bottom, and the
oysters are the greatest number kept special-
ly for the purpose of planting and dredging the
bivalves. Even this number is often reduced
to fifteen when the oyster season proves
unfavorable, and the supply comparatively
small. The boats are all about twenty to thirty
feet in length and are of a clumsy build,
indicating that they are adapted for work rather
than for fast sailing. They are decked over
with heavy timber, and the only small
cabin on them is situated far to the aft so that
the pilot can steer the boat without getting out
of his house. The dredges are large, heavy
ones with short, stubby, iron teeth placed
close together in a row and with a net trailing
close behind it, capable of holding several
hundred of oysters. When a thick spot is struck
the dredge is raised, and the oysters are taken
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CONEY ISLAND.

A TRIP FROM BROOKLYN TO THE PLEASANT RESORT.

Views of East River and the Bay-Bridge Island-Governor's Island-The Jersey Shore-The Pleasure of Boating-The Jersey Hotel-Other Scenes and Incidents.

BROOKLYN, September 3.—[Special Correspondent.]—We will ask our friends to enter this large building, pass through the covered way to the writer's room. The stranger glances at the rows of barrels reaching to the roof—but the smell of new flour gives the desired information. Sure, there is not a place for me in this crowd? Ah, yes, and more still. In a few moments the beautiful boats round the battery and quietly moor to the wharf. Her decks seem full of women and children. We pass on with the eight hundred, not counting the babies and little ones, and take our seat on the upperdeck. The band is making the stirring music, and already the young people are dancing, which is kept up nearly the two hours that it takes to reach Rockaway beach, our destination. The first thing to be observed is the pride of Brooklyn, her now famous bridge. Its beautiful, symmetrical proportions are seen to the best advantage. Cars and vehicles are to be seen, and groups of people are standing at each tower who look like a group of statues.

The Battery looks fresh and beautiful in its summer dress. There is Castle Garden, the landing place of all the throng of immigrants that flock to our shore. There we have a birds-eye view of the North river, or as it is more generally called, the Hudson, and a bit of New Jersey with its numerous inlets and harbors and wharves for ocean steamers, and little islands in the channel of the river is Ellis, formerly known as Sherryman Island, now occupied by the government as a place for storage. I am told this has three cottages and a few trees.

Brodie island, made famous in our time as the most suitable place for the erection of the grand monument of Bartholdi, the gift of the people of the French republic to their fair sister across the ocean, is also a granite. The statue is partly in place, and will be finished by the fifth of September, when the president and many of the public men are expected to be present. To the left we have just passed Governor's island, with Fort Williams, the residence of the general commanding the eastern wing of the army. The present aspect shows that there have been many changes on this little island, if we judge by the engravings of thirty years ago. In we have a view of the west and mouth side of Long Island. What changes has forty years wrought. Where there were meadows and shallow water are docks, used for all kind of shipping, extending within a short distance of the city limits.

We look in vain for line of popular trees that once marked the route of our childhood's home. The tall and slender trees, marked by some the sentinel, well deserved the name. The sloping bank has been washed away by the ever restless waters. The waters have been selected for the Yarmouth yacht club. A pretty picture it is to see the fairy-like fleet as, homebound, they take their place and anchor. One of the incidents connected with our child-life was watching the little fisherman who made his shelter there when a storm was approaching. The number is forgotten, but quite a line of the boats world often be anchored there.

For two or three miles the banks are covered with various kinds of trees—locust and willows are the principal among the ornamental; cherries, apples, pears, etc. among the fruit. Farm houses have given place to the more populous houses and villas. Although if you should ride along the banks you would see here and there one. The Inebriate home is a conspicuous object, a large building, built of brick, originally designed for the help of those who desired to forsake the cruel habit that make slaves of the most gifted and lovely of our fellows. Now it seems to be a refuge for many who merely seek a refuge for the time being and who choose to recover from the disease. We will reserve our visit to it for another article. The hills and slopes are dotted with handsome residences and small villas.

On the narrow's side is Fort Wadsworth, situated in the channel is Fort Lafayette. The first appears to be kept in perfect order and would do good service in time of need. This fort is low, while on the opposite bluff is Fort Hamilton, overlooking a broad field of water. From one point to the other are heavy chains of iron which have raised, making a perfect defense against any hostile ship that might venture in the bay.

Fort Lafayette was last used for prisoners who preferred in preference to taking the oath of allegiance. The inhabitants of the village paid them marked attention, showing them every courtesy. The narrow's are the entrance to the great Atlantic, and Coney Island is just across from us, with its innumerable hotels and its countless variety of amusements of all kinds.

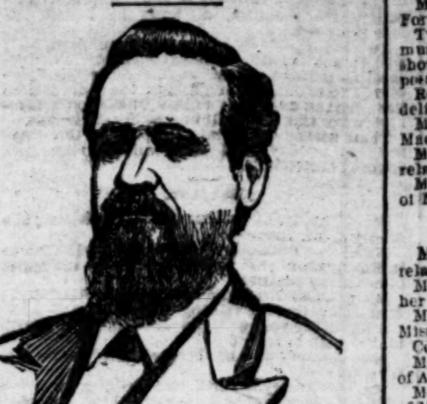
Jump, the mammoth elephant, built for a hotel, but has proven a failure, attracts the eye at once, not on account of its beauty, but for its exact proportion to the huge uncouth animal it represents. A newspaper is responsible for the following story: "A passenger, who was a noted traveler, having seen it from the deck of his ship, remarked he had seen a great many elephants but had 'never seen such a monster,' anchored his boat and went on shore to see it." The story does not say what he thought of it. At old Coney Island is a long stretch of sandy beach and the only part that looks like an island. This part has not grown on account of its being in litigation. From the point near the building commences and for a distance of a mile and a half there is a continuous line of buildings which, from this distance, look as if connected. Formerly you would see thousands of people congregated—groups on the sand or promenading back and forth, while hundreds were enjoying themselves bathing. All this is past. In some places breakwaters have stayed for a time the mighty waves, while in others there is nothing in the way that will arrest the fierce, angry element. In the distance a steamer is approaching. On the right is lower quarantine, where the hospitals are for the accommodation of the passengers or crew of any vessel who may be so unfortunate as to have any contagious disease. It is to have that seemed like lifting when the vessel started, has deepened and the distant shore is almost entirely hidden. The dim outline of the Grand Republic is seen in the distance. As we are entering the channel, she crosses. Our boat is rocking; a little chap notices it, with "Opa, the boat rocks." He is a merry, inquisitive little boy, asking mama many hard questions concerning the vessel. The small fish are met more frequently and give many a fish his dinner. The long ridge of sand beach presents a peculiar tinge of green and pink like the inside of sea shells, and here the water is bolting and tumbling and show the danger to passing vessels. Salutes are exchanged. The beautiful cloud picture is hid from view. The waves are beautifully painted.

The pretty white sea gulls are soon hovering over the water in flocks, and the fishing boats and clamsmen are at work. Barren island, so long entitled to that appellation,

JOHN D. STEWART.

THE NEXT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE FIFTH DISTRICT.

An Interesting Sketch of the Nominee of the Democratic Party of the Fifth District.—Mr. Harry Life and the Late Senator His Career at the Bar and Otherwise.



THE CONSTITUTION herewith presents an excellent likeness of Judge John D. Stewart, the nominee of the democratic party of the fifth congressional district for congress.

Judge Stewart's career has been a notable one. His father came to Georgia from North Carolina and settled in Clayton county, three miles south of Jonesboro, on Flint river, where the subject of this sketch was born on August 23, 1833, which makes him just a little over fifty-three years old.

He worked on the farm, going to a country school a portion of each year until nineteen years old, by energy and economy having saved a small amount of money. He left the farm and went one year to Marshall college at Griffin. Next year he taught school in Griffin, and the following year commenced reading law, teaching at night in order to support himself.

From early youth he has been a close student, devoting all his leisure time to useful and instructive books.

Judge Stewart has from young manhood been noted for his sobriety and temperate habits, never in his life becoming intoxicated, nor has he ever used tobacco in any form. He is six feet high, has ruddy complexion and blue eyes, and weighs 200 pounds.

Since being admitted to the bar Judge Stewart has given his time to one cause, that of integrity, energy, economy, and honesty would lead to success, and his friends soon learned to look up to him as a leader in politics and enterprises.

He was elected twice mayor of Griffin, and twice representative from Spalding county in the legislature, and for one session was chairman of the judiciary committee. For eight years he was ordinary of Spalding county, and for the last two years has filled with distinction the office of judge of the superior court of Flint county.

Judge Stewart has always been a strong supporter of the cause of education and is an active member of the board of trustees of the Saxe Male and Female Institute of Griffin, and the Griffin female college. He was chosen and served as an active member as one of the committee which was appointed by the Georgia Baptist convention to select a new site for Marion county, and for two years he was moved from Penfield to Macon, and for four years was moderator of the Flint river association. Through all the above offices of trust he has been noted for high appreciation of honor and integrity, and through all has never wavered in his duty, gaining the confidence and regard of all classes of men in all denominations.

Judge Stewart was ordained in Griffin in August, 1871, as a Baptist minister, and while giving his church much good work, using his eloquence and power of thought regularly in the pulpit, building up churches and saving souls, he never neglected his chosen profession, and as a lawyer he ranks among the foremost in the state.

Starting at 19 in life, without a dollar, teaching at night in order to study law, and during the day working at the tannery, he earned and at 23 to find himself comfortably situated in a beautiful home, furnished with tapestries and velvets, with houses, stores and farms scattered over the city and country, and while amassing all these by a strict, upright honorable life, one above reproach, has been able to enjoy the perfect confidence and love of neighbors and countrymen.

Live and Let Be.

The Spectator. Live and let be! The Alpine heaven is bright; Tired clouds sleep along yon azure sea; Soft airs steal by and whisper, faint and light.

Live and let be! Live and let be! Is it not well to rest?

Sometimes from labor? Live and let the flowers back in the sunshine, in the Nature's breast.

Not counting hours.

Not needing ought, but on the pale, worn cheek To feel the warm breath of the murmuring pine, And watch on many a rose flushed, hoary peal Heaven's glory shine!

PROFESSOR J. C. LEHARDY. M. D., President of the Medical Society of Georgia, Member Athenaeum de Bruxelles, etc., etc., says: "The results obtained from me Liebig's Co. Coca-Beef Tonic in my practice indeed startling." Invaluable in paralysis, dyspepsia, debility, catarrh, and biliousness.

WATERSHED. E. L. Brinson has returned from a visit to various northern cities.

HON. T. J. McEMURRAY and family returned on Wednesday from Gainesville, Ga., and have returned home on Friday last from Greenboro, Ga.

Miss Ross Rowland returned on Monday from a visit to friends and relatives at Girard, Ga.

Mr. J. G. Butcher, of New York, has returned from a visit to friends and relatives in New York.

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